

The Highland Weekly News.

J. L. BOARDMAN,
Editor and Proprietor.

A Family Journal—Devoted to News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

One Dollar a Year;
Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XXI.

HILLSBOROUGH, HIGHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1857.

NUMBER 10.

Poetry.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the East
Where the trees are green and fair;
There is beauty in the West
Where the blue waves break and roar;
There is beauty in the South
Where the sun is bright and hot;
There is beauty in the North
Where the snow is white and cold;
There is beauty in the air
Where the birds are singing sweet;
There is beauty in the earth
Where the flowers are blooming bright;
There is beauty in the sky
Where the clouds are drifting white;
There is beauty in the sea
Where the waves are breaking high;
There is beauty in the land
Where the mountains are so high;
There is beauty in the world
Where all these things are found;
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Bliss as the morning breeze of June,
The youth's sweet dream of youth;
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day;
The snow-plumed angel of the north
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the money tree looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.
The fox his hill-side coil forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his brook;
The blizzard in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, oh Mother Nature!" cry
Birds, bees, and streamlet free;
"Our winter cold is over now,
Of summer days to thee!"
So, in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and dross,
O'erwhelmed by memory's frozen zone,
With sunny days appear,
Revering hope and faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!
The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through shadows the sunbeams fall;
For God, who leads his children forth,
Has left his hope with all!

The Home Circle.

BEAUTIFUL EPIGRAPH.

In a grave-yard, in England, may be found
The following, on a tomb-stone over four in-
fants:
Bold infidelity, turn pale and die—
Beneath this stone four sleeping infants lie;
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they are here; are they here;
If heaven's by work, in heaven they can't ap-
pear.
Ah, reason how depraved!
Rever the sacred page—the knot's untied—
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for
Jesus died.

The following affecting narrative was
taken from the N. O. True Deliberator. "An of-
ficial, on All Saints' Day, arrayed him-
self in his best apparel, and, at the re-
quest of his wife, called a carriage to vi-
sit the cemetery. The husband, he it
premised, knew that his beloved, ere he
married her, was a widow, but he knew
not that she had been the widow of three
successive husbands. As soon as they
entered the gate of a city of silence,
a shade of melancholy passed over the
lady's face, and clinging to her husband's
arm, she went to a tomb at which she
knelt and prayed for the repose of her
"dear dead husband's soul." Tears flow-
ed plentifully, but the living husband,
though he felt a little mortified at the
strong affection which his wife showed
for her first love, now sleeping his eter-
nal sleep, still forgave the outburst and
hurried her from the spot. Soon, how-
ever, she knelt before another tomb, and
again uttered a touching orison for the
repose of the soul of her "dear dead hus-
band," whose holy dust there rested a re-
siding place. The husband thought that
this was a little more than he had bargained
for, but he said nothing, though grave
were his reflections, as he again led his
wife from a spot which awakened such
sad remembrances. He had not gone far
when his wife again turned aside, knelt,
and again prayed as before for the repose
of "her dear husband's soul!" The hus-
band could stand it no longer, and utter-
ing an inexpressible and unheeded oath,
said: "D—n it, Madam! how many hus-
bands in the Lord's name have you bur-
ied?" Ere the accusing spirit had flown
to heaven's chancery with the oath, the
thoughts of the wife were recalled to
the things of "the earth, earthly," and
she answered, as only an experienced
and provoked woman could answer—
"Three, sir, only, and that, it would
seem by your outrageous conduct, is one
too few!"

Some unfortunate individual thus enters his
protest against andy eras:
From a cross neighbor and a sullen wife,
A pointed needle, and a broken knife,
From suretyship, and from an empty purse,
A smoking chimney, and a crotching horse,
From a dull razor, and an aching head,
From a bad conscience, and a lousy bed,
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,
From each of these, good Lord—deliver me.

A BACKSLIDER.—Married, on Thursday,
the 23rd ult., by the Rev. Clay Boulder, Mr. An-
drew Horn to Miss Julia Parker, President
of the Young Ladies' Temperance Society.
Fair Julia lived a temperate maid,
Preached temperance ditties night and morn;
But still her wicked neighbors said
She broke her pledge and took a Horn.

Contemplation of Christ.

Nothing has more attractive and
heart-warming power than habitual con-
templation of the Lord's living person.
Our Redeemer is no mere abstraction,
no ideal, that has being in our own
shifting thoughts. He is the most in-
dependently personal of all persons,
and the most absolutely living of all
who live. He is "the First and the
Last, and the Living One." He is so
near us, as the Son of God, that we can
feel his warm breath upon our souls;
and, as the Son of Man, he has a heart
like these hearts of ours—a human
heart, meek and lowly, tender, kind,
and sympathizing. In the word—the
almost divine utterance of himself—
his arm of power is stretched forth be-
side you, that you may lean on it with
all your weight; and in the word also
his love is revealed, that upon the bos-
om of it you may lay your aching head,
and forget your sorrow in the abun-
dances of his consolation.—Hewison.

There is an end—to everything
beneath the sun there comes a last day
—and of all fatality, this is the only
portion of time that can in all cases be
infallibly predicted. Let the sanguine
then, take warning, and the dishearten-
ed take courage; for to every joy and to
every sorrow, to every hope and to every
fear, there will come a last day; and the
man ought so to live by foresight, that
while he learns in every state to be con-
tent, he shall in each be prepared for
another, whatever the other may be.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Miscellaneous Enigma.
I am composed of 36 letters.
My 3, 23, 25, 26, 6, 18, 24, 16, 20, 26, is
a bird.
My 17, 4, 35, 23, 21, 31, 18, 31, 25, 1, 20, is
a town in Iowa.
My 6, 7, 4, 17, 4, 9, is a State.
My 20, 18, 31, 21, 7, 33, 16, 4, is an insect.
My 3, 22, 36, 12, 29, 26, is a disease.
My 4, 31, 20, 13, 17, is to add.
My 5, 20, 17, 17, 19, is heavy.
My 7, 26, 35, 39, 11, 18, 25, 34, is slowly.
My 5, 2, 36, 16, 11, is a house.
My 3, 16, 9, 4, 21, 36, is a metal.
My whole is what has deceived many and
will deceive you. NED.
Fairfield, Va.

Answer to "J. G. B." Enigma in last
week's paper:—"Chinese Sugar Cane."
Answer to Enigma by Lib. of Penn. Tps. in
same paper:—"Cincinnati Cornet."

For the News.
Cox—Why is the camel like a man firing
blank cartridges? Because it never strikes.
Why is the end of a dog's tail like the
heart of a tree? Because it is the farthest from
the bark.
Why are the people of Illinois like fish?
Because they're "Suckers." W. H. H. H.

A Remarkable History.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
**LONG LIFE
UNDER DIFFICULTIES.**

But Tommy was again disappointed.
Eighteen years after his visit to Wake-
field, he found his way to Warwick,
where in St. Mary's Church, a noble
marriage was to take place. Stephen
Honeydew was to become the happy
husband of Susan Proddy's daughter,
the lovely Susan Proddy Dodge; and
from a gallery at the side our friend the
valetudinarian was a witness to the cer-
emony. Susan Proddy, now Mrs.
Dodge, had lost some portion of her
youthful beauty, for she was now rather
crooked, and not quite so graceful in
her walk as when we saw her crossing
the church-yard with the water-pail on
her head. But in Tommy's eyes she
was Venus and the Graces still. As the
procession went forth, he staggered
down to the porch, and placed himself
so exactly in the middle, that the bride
was forced to touch him with her sleeve
as she glided past. The touch of her
arm gave him new life. He ceased to
cough for a moment; a flow of warm
blood rushed into his heart. He looked
round for the original Susan Proddy,
but a fat man at her side pushed him
out of the way.
"Splutters!" exclaimed the invalid,
"I always hated that miller—but what's
the use of hating, or liking either? I
can't have long to live, but then it would
be so pleasant to survive to see if there's
ever a family from this here wedding—
I'll keep my ears open for this
Master Honeydew, but they can't keep
open long. I've got the colic, and knots
on my ankles, and an astatine in my eye,
and swelling in the joints, and a wen on
my neck, and carbuncles on my arm—
So I must get home in time to die."
Perhaps all these diseases counter-
acted each other, and left Tommy in
perfect health. He found means be-
fore he left Warwick to forward to the
bride another ring which he had taken
out of his mother's store; a plain gold
ring with the commencement of the
motto, "Honi"—perhaps it was the
ring of Richard himself, or at all events
a ring of the memorial of his affection
for Susan Proddy in the hands of her
daughter, he returned in peace to his na-
tive village.
And did he die? Not he. He had said
he would keep his ears open, but many
things passed in those agitating days
of English history which never reached
the Shropshire village where the afflicted
Tom resided.
Mr. Honeydew, who had married Susan
the second, was a constable and
sheriff's officer, who had made himself
very useful to Henry the Eighth. He
ferreted out rich abbots, and turned
nuns out of their houses. He hang-

refractory monks with his own hands,
and enriched himself with the spoils
of the monasteries. When a cloud
came over his fortunes in Mary's time,
he turned it aside by wearing a white
sheet, and after penance, being received
into the holy church. He compensated
for past sacrileges by presiding at the
Smithfield fires. He broke Latimer's
head with a blow of a billet of wood,
and pierced Cranmer with a red-hot
poker. He was a servant of his sov-
ereign and his country, and thought
obedience was the first duty of a sub-
ject.

When Elizabeth came into power he
reconciled once more, and was so useful
in the discovery of plots, and exacting
fines from traitors, that he died in
magnificent robes, and was buried in West-
minster Abbey. Of all these changes
Tommy continued ignorant. He had
been surprised at the visit of certain
commissioners to purify the church of
popery and break all the crosses; and
after a few years he was again astonished
by another visit of the commissioners
to introduce popery again and restore the
crosses.

"Fiddlesticks!" he said, to an officer
of the first commission, in the year fif-
teen hundred and forty-four, "who
sent these here to break off Bridget's
nose and take away the thumb-nails of
St. Jockster of Coventry?"
"Who but the great Master Honey-
dew?" replied the man, while he plied
the hammer, and split St. Bridget's
shoulder into fifty fragments. "He is a
stout and true-hearted Protestant, and
high in favor with our Lord the King."
And in fifteen hundred and fifty-five
he said, "By cross and pie! who hath
sent these hither with thy new painted
wooden image? The old Bridget was
good enough for me!"

"I am sent by Sir Stephen Honey-
dew," replied the man, fixing the nail
against the wall by a long nail thro' his
leg. "He is a true and holy Catho-
lic, and high in favor with our Lady the
Queen."
"Odds Wigington!" said Tommy,
"can this be the husband of Susan
Proddy's child?" And he made inquiry,
and found that the daughter of
Dodge, the miller of Wakefield, was
lady Honeydew, one of the grandest
ladies about the court.

"Hath she ever a son?" he inquired
of the workman, who was giving Brid-
get's cheeks a rub with sand-paper.
"Ay, marry, hath she," he said, "a
goodly boy of ten years old. He never
missoth a burning of heretics; for
already the saint has given him a
spirit of the true faith."
"I wish I could look on him afore
I die," said Tommy; "but there isn't
no chance. I've lost my teeth; my
head be bald; my back be bent; I ha'e
no taste in my mouth; I have singing in
my ears; I have congestion of the spleen;
I've a softening of the brain; I'm afflicted
with dropsy; I've erysipelas in the
face; I've got lumbago and rheumatism
in my legs. I must get me to bed,
and die in a day at the farthest."

When the church-yard of the village
was filled with two or three more gener-
ations of his contemporaries, when
Elizabeth was succeeded on the seat
which she had made a throne by a Scotch
nephew who made it a schoolmaster's
stool; when all the England of his
early days had disappeared, and the
battle of Bosworth had begun to be
considered pretty nearly as ancient as
the battle of Marathon, there came
down a gentleman to the little Shrop-
shire village, and inquired his way to
Tommy's cottage.

"How do, father?" he said jauntily
lifting up his Spanish hat, and letting
the feather trail on the kitchen floor—
"We have heard of thee at court, old
gentleman, and the king wishes to see
thee. Say, wilt jog Londonward, and
shake hands with King Charles?"
"Fiddlesticks!" said the old man,
"for by lady, I began my knowledge
of Kings pretty early, seeing I saw on
one day both King Richard and King
Henry. But by the crook o' Glaston,
we must make haste; for I haven't long
to live now."

"Have with you, then!" said the gal-
lant. "You shall be the guest of my
lord Bemerly, and shortly shalt thou
see his Majesty."
Lord Bemerly received the Shrop-
shire peasant very kindly. Lady Be-
merly was delighted to see such an old
"put," and with the tasteful gracious-
ness of the time amused herself by put-
ting vinegar into his beer, and filling
his apple pie with pepper and mustard,
and giving ribbons across his path to
himself; and once succeeded in tripping
him at the top of the great stair-
case, and had him taken up insensible
when he had reached the lowest step.
All the gay people in the neighbor-
hood were enchanted with the infantine
playfulness of the countess. She was
the most aristocratic of all the fam-
ilies in the country, and so indeed was
her lord; and between them they con-
stituted the very acme and perfection of
high birth and noble breeding.

"Do you know," she said one day to
Tommy, "that some of my ancestors
came from Shropshire—is an immense
time ago, before the Crusades I believe
—and even you weren't born then—
Look—this ring and chain—did you
ever see anything more quaint and old?"
Tommy looked at them as he was
told, and stood gazing as if he had
been fascinated by the sight.
"Odd fitters!" he said, "I've seen they
before. Tell me, fair mistress, what
was the name o' these afore thou wast
married to my lord?"
"My father was Earl of Boeshfield,"
she said, with a laugh; "great grand-
son of the famous Sir Stephen Honi-

D'Ex, who was so great a man in Hen-
ry's and Mary's time. He married—
let me see, here's a book that tells us
all about them—he married Susan Pro-
ddy, and was descended from a noble
family who came over with William,
and assumed their name from the mo-
tor of their house, *Pro Deo et Rege*.
See, here is the ring with a coronet, and
under it the words—
"I knowed her well," said Tommy.
"She was Susan Proddy's child, a
married Dodge, the miller of Wake-
field."

The countess laughed long and loud.
"You pronounce the names incorrec-
tly," Master Thomas. She married Reg-
inald D'Ozier, the head of the great
D'Oziers of Coutances, who were called
the millers from their prodigious
strength and the battle-axe with which
they fought in the Holy Land; and
you degrade them into the plebeian
Dodge! See, here is another ring
with the explanation of the name you
call Honeydew."

She took from a cupboard a plain
gold ring, and showed it to her vis-
itor.

"Jackers! but this is more old nor
the other! I sent that 'ere to thy
grandmother's grandmother, the day
she married the constable in Warwick
church. And I do tell thee, the name
was Susan Proddy and Stephen Honi-
dew. I seed 'em both, and I wanted
to marry thy grandmother's great-
grandmother myself, and I would, too,
only I was so sickly and weak."

"Get thee to the buttery-hatch, and
get thee strong," said the countess pet-
tishly. "Thou hast outlived thy strength
and memory; and I will have thee edg-
elled to death if thou breathest a word
more about your Honeydews and Pro-
dys and Doders."

Tommy babbled as well as he was
able to the buttery, and there endeavor-
ed to recover his courage and drown his
remembrances of Susan with such co-
pious draughts of beer, that in less than
a week he expired of repletion and indig-
estion. He was buried at the expense
of the illustrious family of the Honi
D'Ex, and on his tombstone was writ-
ten—

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS PARR, WHO
DIED IN THE YEAR SIXTEEN HUNDRED
AND THIRTY-FIVE, AT THE AGE OF ONE
HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE.

Miscellaneous.

The National Hotel Sickness Again.

The Editor of the New York Scalpel
makes the following statement in regard
to the mysterious sickness at the Na-
tional Hotel, Washington:

"We have a patient from the imme-
diate vicinity of this hotel—a very com-
mon-sense man and a housekeeper—
who assures us that his premises were
over-run with rats from the hotel; dis-
cussing they were so numerous as to be
incredible, and a man from this city
was sent for to poison them. He did so,
and what he used it is not very prob-
able he told. Those ingenious philoso-
phers are not apt to communicate their
secrets. The rats all disappeared. My
patient tells me not one is visible on his
premises, and they were in numbers so
incredible that he would not venture to
say but we know, for we have been
there and seen them in the hotel-yard.
He had a servant who had been employ-
ed at the hotel, and he told him that
it was known to all the other servants,
that a great number of dead rats were
taken from the water-tank, which was
used for cooking and other household
purposes. This was published at the
time, and is doubtless true; for a rat's
instinct, after eating arsenic, will lead
him to the top of a house to get water,
and nothing is easier than for them to
get in a water tank. No other persons
than those who ate at the hotel were
affected, although that sewer opens di-
rectly before the room and under the
doors and windows of a telegraphic
office where sixteen gentlemen are con-
stantly operating."

That this National Hotel epidemic
should have been confined solely to one
house, and have produced the set of
symptoms it did, without a specific or
material poison acting on the stomach
and its appendages, is absurd. Arsenic,
mechanically diffused from the decaying
rats, and slowly acting on the stomach,
is sufficient to account for all the symp-
toms."

Adulterated Liquors.

Dr. Hiram Cox, chemical inspector of
alcoholic liquors in Cincinnati, states, in
an address to his fellow-citizens, that
during two years he has made 240 in-
spections of various kinds of liquors,
and has found more than nine-tenths of
them imitations, and a great portion of
them poisonous concoctions. Of brandy
he does not believe there is one gal-
lon of pure in a hundred gallons, the
imitations having been made for the
basis, and various poisonous acids for
the condiments. Of wine, not a gal-
lon in a thousand, purporting to be sherry,
port, sweet Malaga, &c., is pure, but
they are made of water, sulphuric acid,
alum, Guinnes pepper, horse-radish, &c.,
and many of them without a single drop
of alcoholic spirit. Dr. Cox warrants
there are not ten gallons of genuine
port wine in Cincinnati. In the in-
spections of whisky he has found only
from 17 to 20 per cent. of alcohol
spirit, when it should have 45 to 50,
and some of it contains sulphuric acid

Southern Illinois.

For the information of those who
have determined to seek a home in the
West, a few facts are given, the result
of many months of careful exploration
by one who has travelled in all the
Western States, and has resided for
years in two of them.

The impression generally entertained
by people in the North is that Southern
Illinois is a low, flat, swampy region,
very unhealthy, and that no portion of
the Western Free States is so undesirable
for a home.

The origin of the impression is man-
ifest. Travellers from Cincinnati to St.
Louis have judged of the whole country
from the flat bottom land on the
Mississippi, which would be like our
judging of Virginia by a view of the
Dismal Swamp from the cars.

The real truth is, Southern Illinois
is not a low and swampy, with the ex-
ception of the "Scatters of Cache
river," and the American Bottom, a
narrow strip of deep alluvial soil,
along the border of the Mississippi, is
an elevated, rolling country. It is in
the Southern part half-densely timbered,
Oak of various kinds, yellow poplar and
cotton predominate; beech, sugar and
maple, black walnut, elm, cypress and
other valuable kinds are abundant.

About sixty miles north of Cairo,
small prairies, like islands in a sylvan
sea, are to be found. As one proceeds
North, these prairies increase in size,
until the prairie and timber are about
equally divided in the latitude of Cal-
ifornia, one hundred and twelve miles
north of Cairo.

The survey of the Illinois Central
Railroad shows the actual elevation of
this part of the State. The Grand
Chain, a series of hills crossing Central
Southern Illinois from East to North-
west, is in its highest elevation, several
hundred feet above the railroad
track at Makanda, which is thirty-five
feet above the level of Lake Michigan.

The soil varies in different parts of
this region. No soil on the continent,
probably, equals in depth and inexhaus-
tible fertility the American Bottom—
near the old French settlements, corn,
it is said, has been raised for over a cen-
tury without intermission, and the crops
are now as large as ever. In the inter-
ior timber region, the soil is a dry loam
of yellowish hue, and contains lime and
potash, and is easily worked. The
greatest difficulty in the hill country is,
that it is liable to wash badly. There
cannot be better country found for
wheat growing than the timber region
of Southern Illinois. The crop is sure
and abundant, and the quality of the
grain is excellent. For two years the
first premium on wheat in the Illinois
State Fair has been awarded to Union
county.

An important consideration in re-
ference to the wheat crop of Southern Il-
linois is, that it is harvested several weeks
in advance of the crops at the North.

Southern Illinois is already the best
fruit growing section of the State—
The past two winters have nearly de-
stroyed fruit trees in the large open prairie
region of the North; while at the
South damage has been done, yet peach
trees are alive and bearing finely. Apple
trees look thrifty.

No part of the Western country can
surpass the prairies of Southern Il-
linois as a grazing and grass country—
Timothy, blue grass and clover set well
and yield abundantly.

To one who has been riding hour after
hour over limitless prairies, it is a re-
lief to see ledges of rocks, such as creep
out on the hill-sides of Southern Il-
linois. Limestone and sandstone quar-
ries are abundant on the track of the Il-
linois Central Railroad.

In respect to the healthfulness of
Southern Illinois, the testimony of
physicians and eastern people who have
been there for years, is uniform. They
are not exempt from the ordinary dis-
orders of any new and fertile country.
But the intermittent fevers are usually
mild in their type, and yield readily
under proper medicine.

On the average there is probably not so
much severe and fatal illness in South-
ern Illinois as in other parts of the
State. "The natural advantages" for
sickness are not so many. The water is
excellent, the climate mild, the air pure
and bracing.

Consumption is of rare occurrence—
Many affected with pulmonary disorders
have found decided benefit from living
in this region. If houses full of robust
children is a sign of healthfulness, then
a person need not visit many cabins to
be convinced that the human life is
safe in the land of "Egypt."

The construction of the Illinois Cen-
tral Railroad makes a new and healthful
country. Before it was built,
land of the utmost fertility was a drop
in the market. Property of every de-
scription was held so low that for a per-
son now to tell it would be to endanger
his reputation for veracity. There was
nothing to stimulate the people to en-
terprise. The great mass of the people
aimed at little more than a bare subsis-
tence. Hog and hominy, sturgeon coffee,
an occasional deer, wild turkey or prairie
fowl, constituted their living. But that
day is passed away. The scream
of the steam whistle now either rouses
men to work or else scares them off to
Texas. Land is steadily rising in value.
The admirable method taken by the
Illinois Central railroad in disposing
of their lands on long credits and at
low rates of interest, and only to actual
settlers, tends to check a spirit of head-
long speculation, so rife, and so inju-
rious in certain parts of the West.

Its vast forests of the heaviest timber
will all be wanted to supply the prairies
of the North.

Its building stone will be in demand
wherever in the prairie country above,
villages and cities shall spring into ex-
istence.

Its climate and soil fit it to be the
garden of the State.

If any one has doubts, let him do
as did the writer of this—come and see.
—Springfield Journal.

Collecting Taxes in Lawrence.

The "Law and Order," Deputy Mar-
shal Fain, of Georgia, acting in the
capacity of tax-gatherer, under the au-
thority of the Bogus Legislature, made
a visit to Lawrence, lately, to collect
taxes. One of the first men he met
with was Col. Eldridge, whose splendid
hotel Fain had been instrumental in
burning the year previous, and accented
him thus:

"Well, Colonel, I have come to town
to assess property, and collect taxes from
you and the balance of the citizens—
Are you ready to fork over?"

"What ask me for taxes, you d—d
villain, after burning up my property,
if I should pay you with an ounce of cold
lead it would be what you richly deserve.
If you have assessed any taxes on my property,
just take it out of that horse you stole from my
barn last summer. Leave my presence,
and the sooner you make yourself scarce
the better for your health."

The scamp acted upon the hint, and
took himself back to Leocompton in
double quick time, to tell Walker how he
had succeeded in collecting taxes in
Lawrence. The next question is, what
is Walker going to do about it?

P. S.—We omitted to say, that it was
with great difficulty the leaders could
keep the people of Lawrence, whose
property he had stolen, burnt, and other-
wise destroyed, last year, from taking
him, tarring, feathering, and riding him
upon a rail out of town. He well de-
served it. A public meeting was called,
and the people of Lawrence resolved,
as one man, to pay no taxes to the wret-
ches, nor to any tax gatherer appointed
by the Bogus Legislature.—Chicago
Tribune.

DEATH OF A LARGE MAN.—The
Jackson (Miss.) Whig, of the 19th
June, chronicles the death, in Hender-
son county, in Tennessee, of Mr. Miles
Darden. The Whig says the deceased
was, beyond all question, the largest
man in the world. His height was seven
feet six inches—two inches higher than
Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant.
His weight was a fraction over
one thousand pounds! It required sev-
enteen men to put him in his coffin.
Over one hundred feet of lumber was
required for his coffin. He measured
around the waist six feet and nine in-
ches.

Railroad in Egypt.

A correspondent of the N. York Jour-
nal of Commerce writing from Cairo, de-
scribes the railroad from Alexandria to
the Red Sea:

"A peculiarity is seen in the construc-
tion of this railroad. I observed no sleep-
ers except near the depot, instead of
which, as the country could not furnish
the timber, a strong hollow iron ap-
paratus is used, much resembling the com-
mon culinary iron pot, which is firmly
fastened in the earth by sinking the open
end while the rails rest upon notches
cast in the exterior of the other end—
These, with small iron bars crossing the
track, keep the rails fast. The railroad
is 130 miles long, and is being extended
to Suez, on the Red Sea, all of which dis-
tance is completed, except forty miles
next to Suez, and will be opened the
entire distance before the close of the
year."

MORALS OF NEW YORK.—That a very
large proportion of the best-looking,
most extravagantly dressed, and in out-
ward appearance the most genteel and
lady-like of the women who grace
Broadway on a fair afternoon, are court-
eans, is a fact well known to our citi-
zens, and not long concealed from
strangers. That hundreds of sumptu-
ous palaces in the best and most fash-
ionable quarters of the town are the
brothels in which these fair but deceit-
ful women hold revelry, is equally well
known, and to their cost, too, both by
citizens and strangers. But the mass
of men and women know little of the
end of these things; only the few pro-
fessional and ministerial agents of the
law, and fewer laymen, ever take the
trouble to follow to its fearful termina-
tion the path of her "whose feet go
down to death, and whose steps take
hold on hell."—N. Y. Tribune.

MORMON TITLES IN UTAH.—It ap-
pears that among other methods of re-
gulating their domestic institutions ac-
cording to the sacred democratic rights
defined and secured to them by the
Nebraska bill, the Mormons have se-
questered the public lands of the United
States, ignored the surveys, and
bought and sold the soil, precisely as
if they held the same by original right
of proprietorship. It is a singular
fact, to which attention is now first
called, that though Utah has been or-
ganized for nine years, and has an es-
timated population of from 50,000
to 75,000, not an acre of land has
been bought from Government, while in
Minnesota, organized at the same time,
millions of dollars have been paid into
the Treasury by the settlers for the lands
which comprise their farms and home-
steads. The first proceeding of the new
Territorial Government will be to
make the occupants of public lands pay
for them at established prices, or offer
them for sale to other parties.

ANOTHER NEW PLANET DISCOVERED.
—A circular from the office of the Astron-
omical Journal, at Cambridge, contains
a letter from Mr. Hermann Goldschmidt
to the editor, dated Paris, June 3d, an-
nouncing the discovery on the night of
May 27th, of a forty-fourth planet, be-
tween Mars and Jupiter. This is the
sixth which has been discovered by Mr.
Goldschmidt. It resembles a star of the
10.11 magnitude.

The thirty-third asteroid, discovered at
the Radcliffe Observatory by Mr. Poyson,
has received the name of Ariadne. At
the present rate of discovery, we fear
that the classical dictionary will be ex-
hausted before the asteroids are named.
It will be recollected that all of them
have been discovered since the begin-
ning of the present century.

Political.

Senator Douglas on the Stump.